



WHY WAR

IS NEVER

A GOOD

IDEA

Alice Walker

Illustrations by  
Stefano Vitale

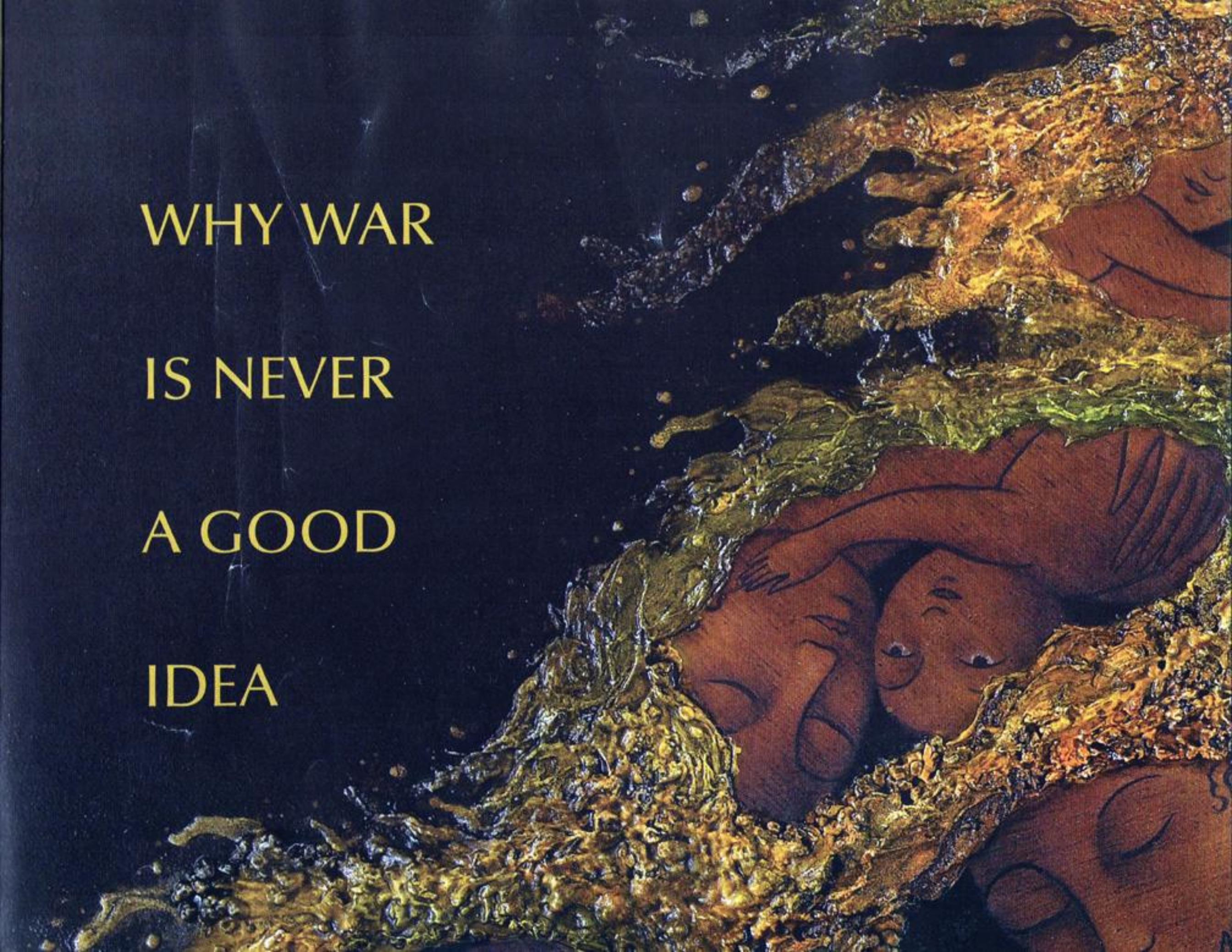


WHY WAR

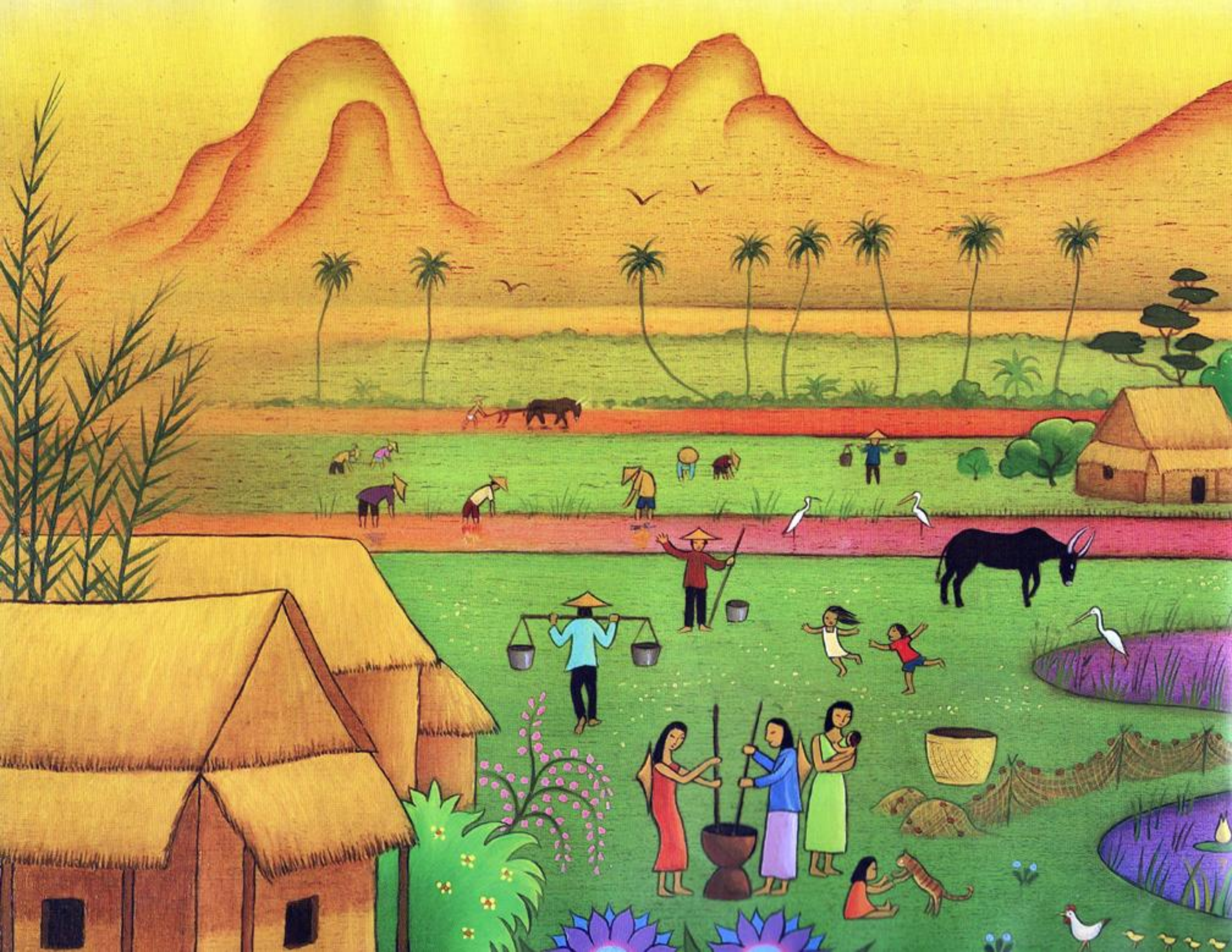
IS NEVER

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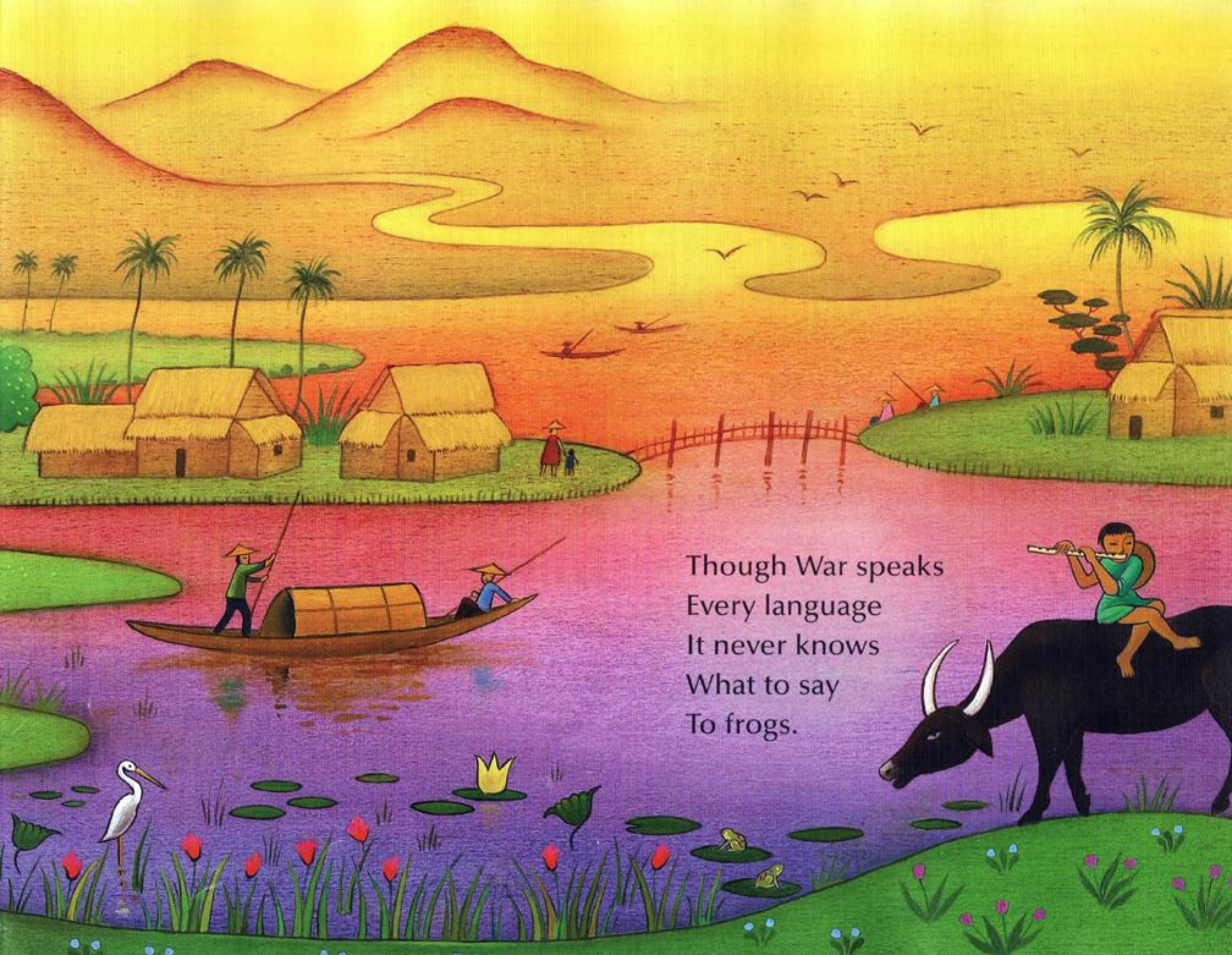
IDEA





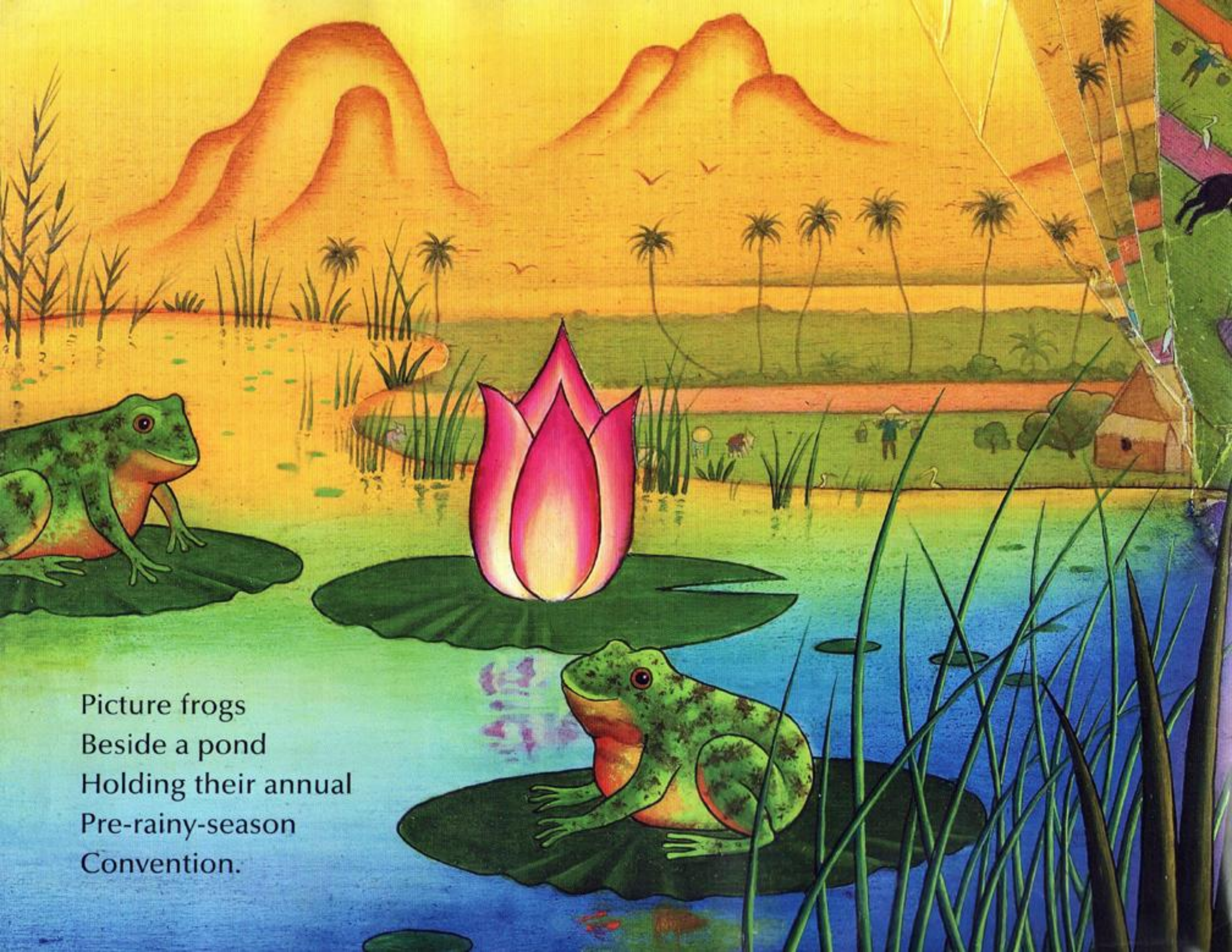







Though War speaks  
Every language  
It never knows  
What to say  
To frogs.





Picture frogs  
Beside a pond  
Holding their annual  
Pre-rainy-season  
Convention.





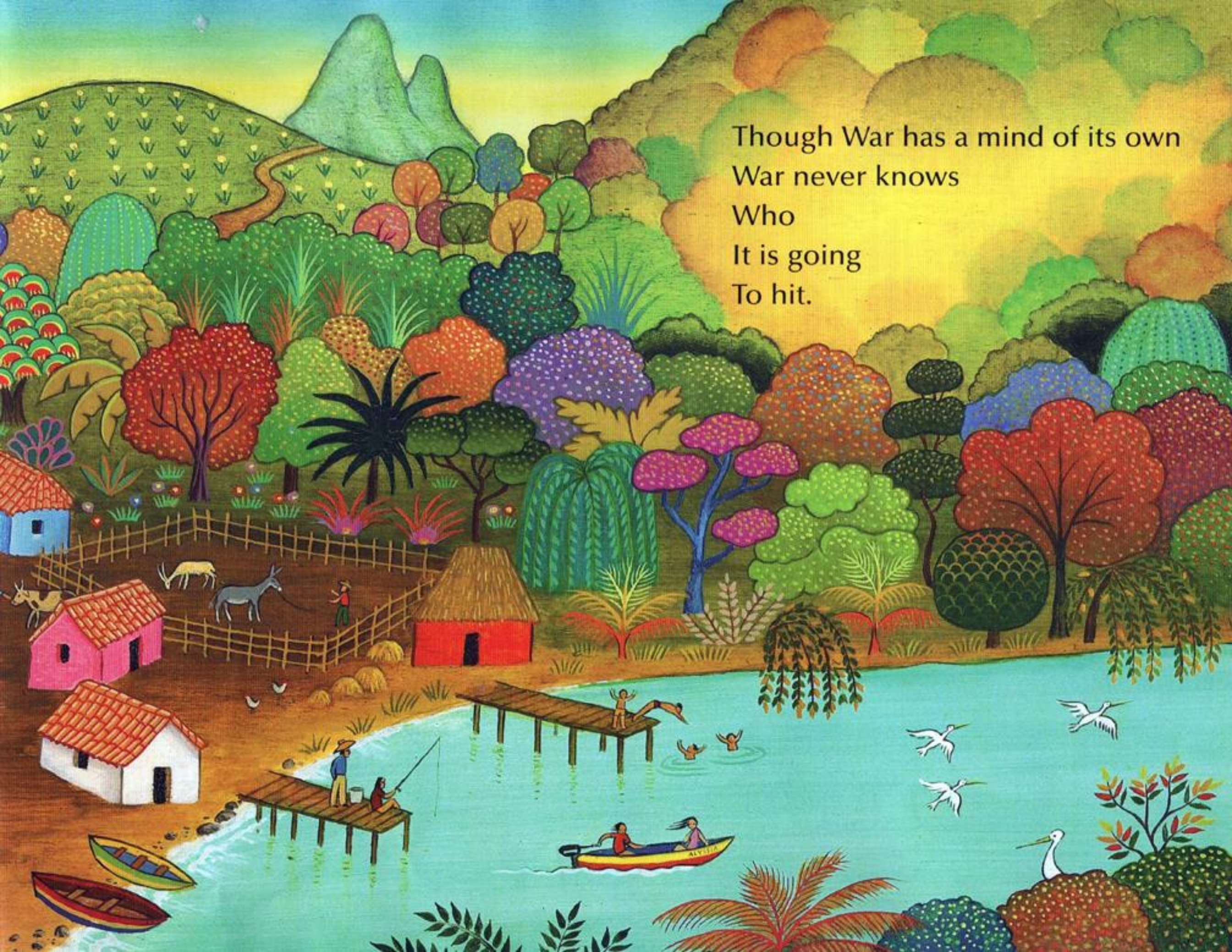
They do not see War  
Huge tires  
Of a  
Camouflaged  
Vehicle  
About to  
Squash  
Them flat.







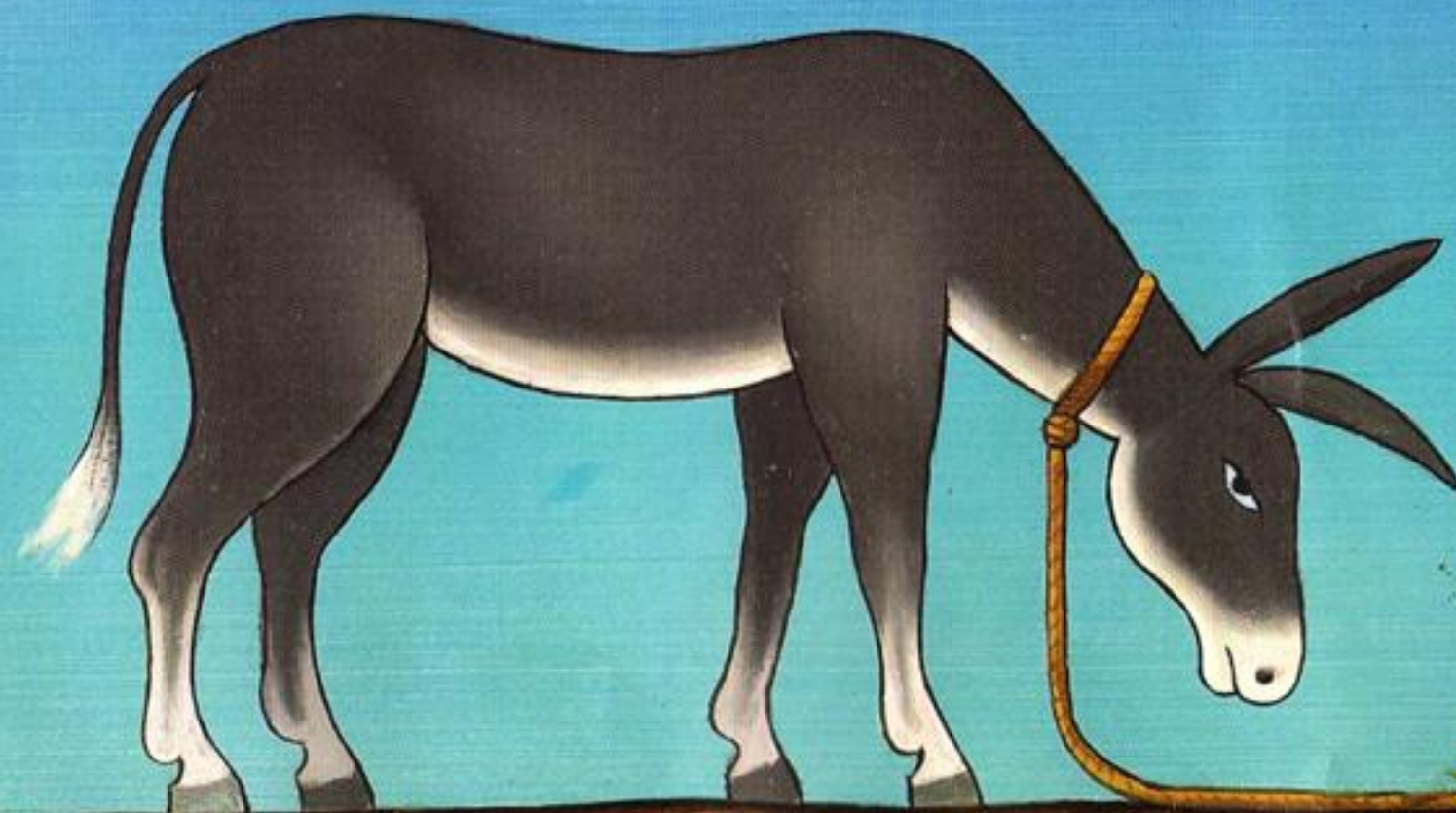
Though War has a mind of its own  
War never knows  
Who  
It is going  
To hit.



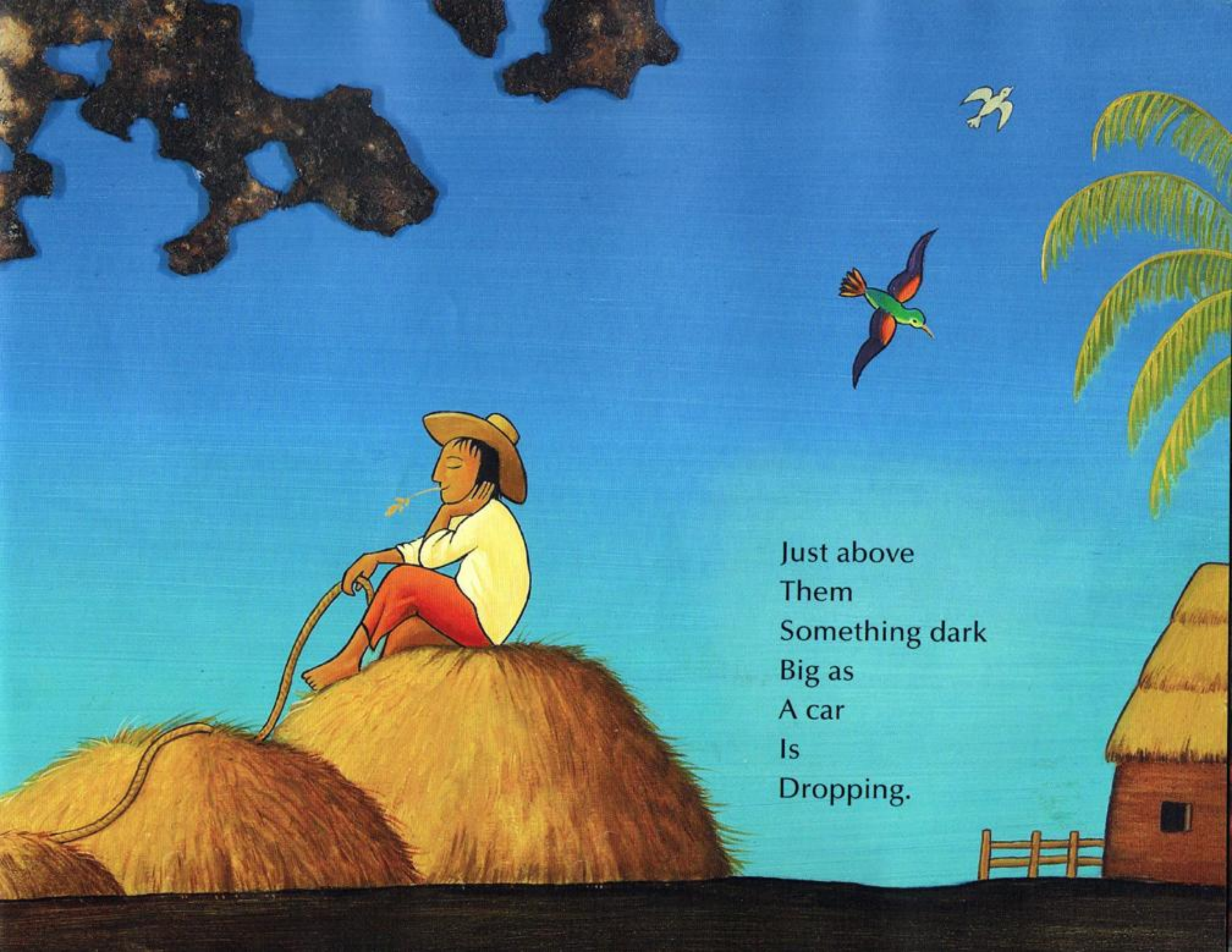


Picture a donkey  
Peacefully  
Sniffing a pile  
Of straw  
A small boy  
Holds  
The end  
Of its  
Frayed  
Rope  
Bridle.

They do not see it  
They are both thinking  
Of dinner  
The boy  
Is hoping for  
Polenta & eggs  
Maybe a carrot  
Or apple  
For  
Dessert.



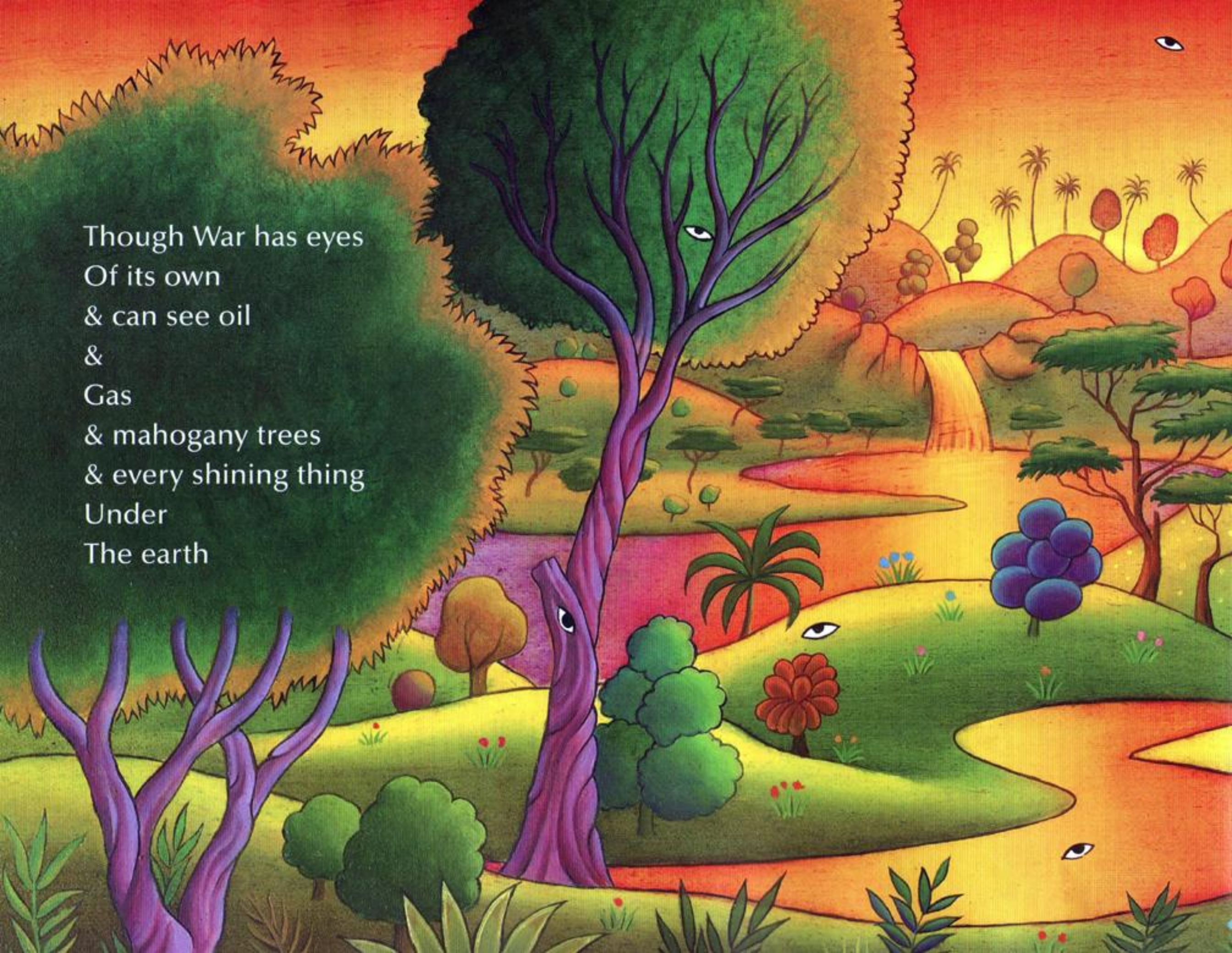




Just above  
Them  
Something dark  
Big as  
A car  
Is  
Dropping.



Though War has eyes  
Of its own  
& can see oil  
&  
Gas  
& mahogany trees  
& every shining thing  
Under  
The earth

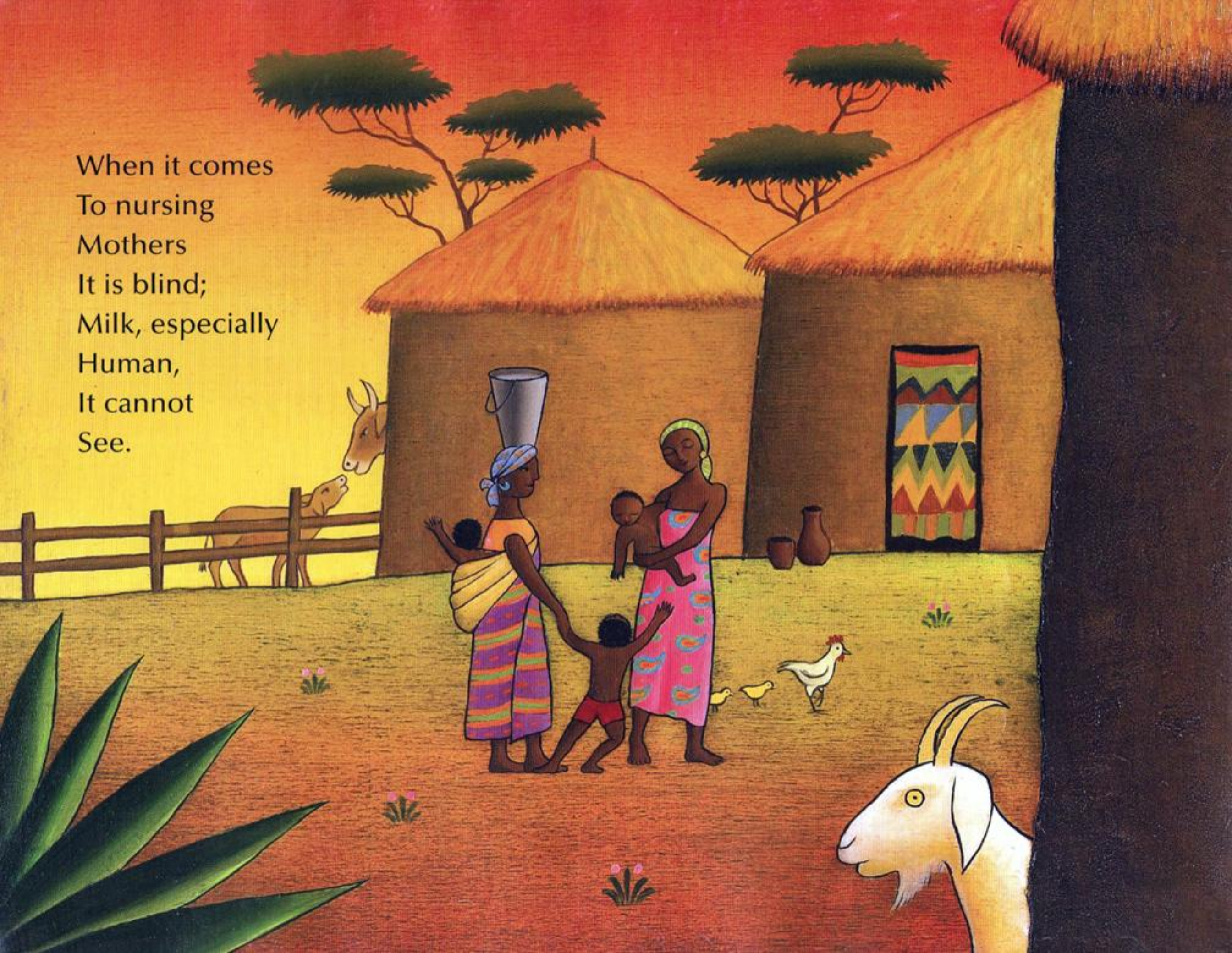








When it comes  
To nursing  
Mothers  
It is blind;  
Milk, especially  
Human,  
It cannot  
See.



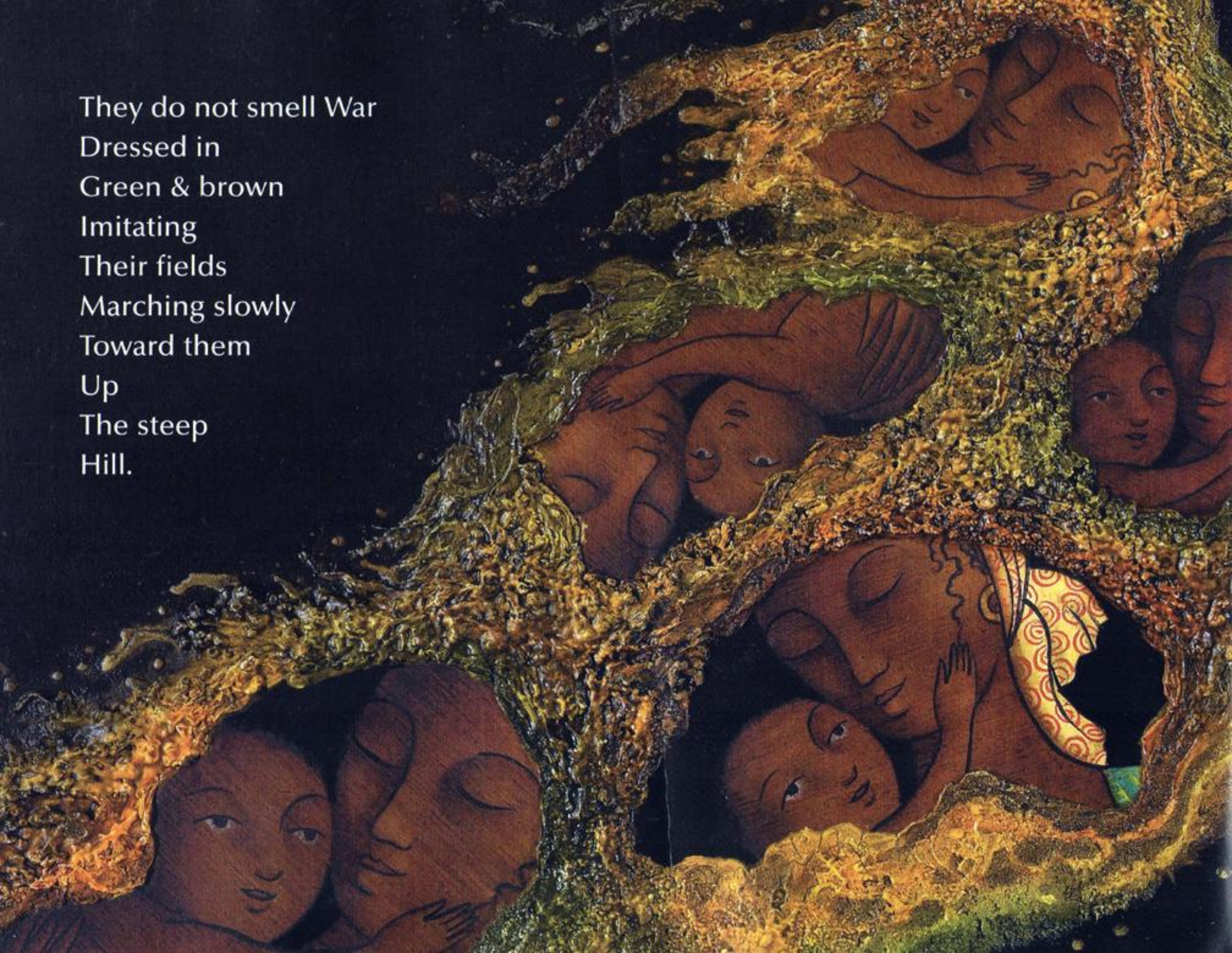




Picture a woman  
Beside a window  
She is blissful  
Singing  
A lullaby  
A baby twirls  
A lock of her  
Dark hair  
Suckles  
For all  
It is  
Worth.



They do not smell War  
Dressed in  
Green & brown  
Imitating  
Their fields  
Marching slowly  
Toward them  
Up  
The steep  
Hill.



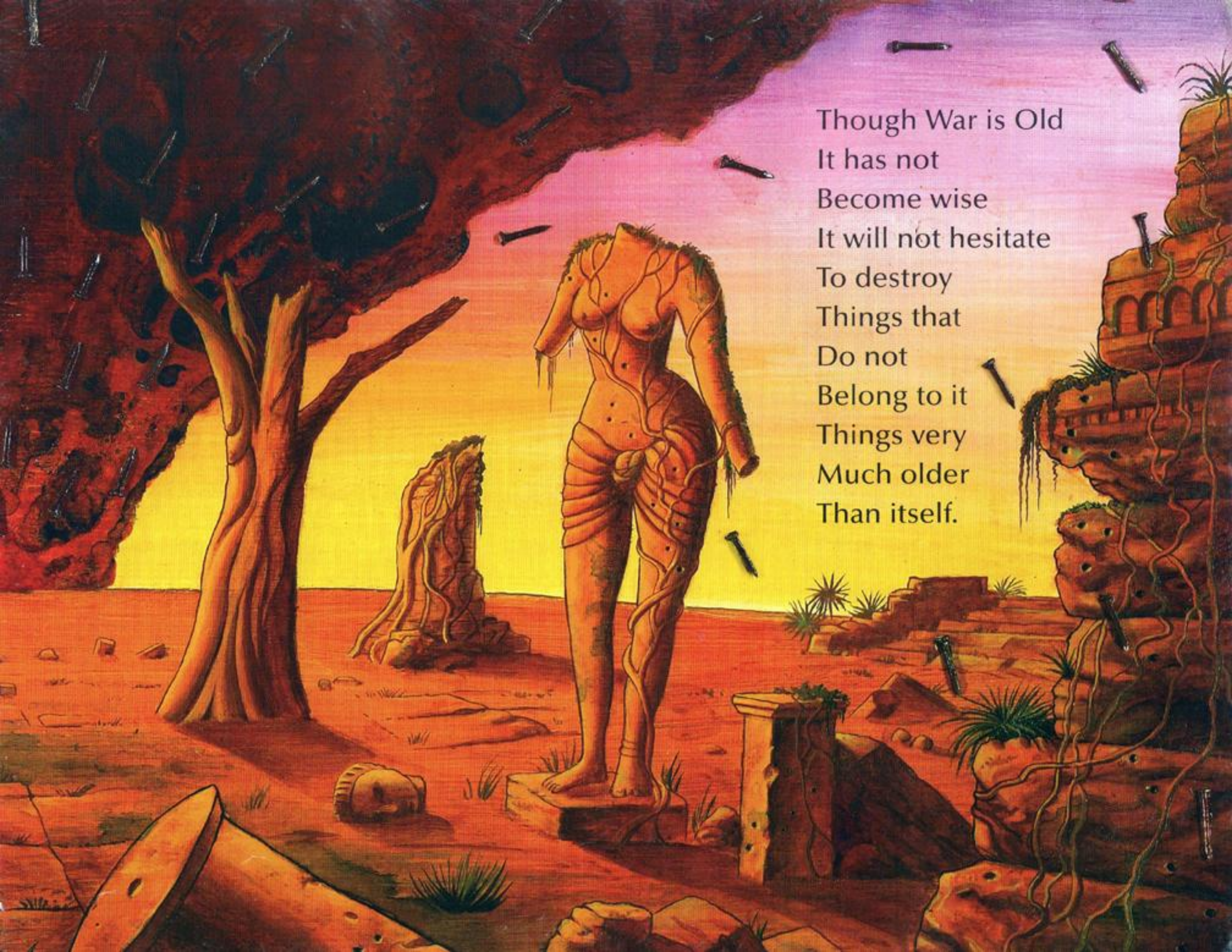








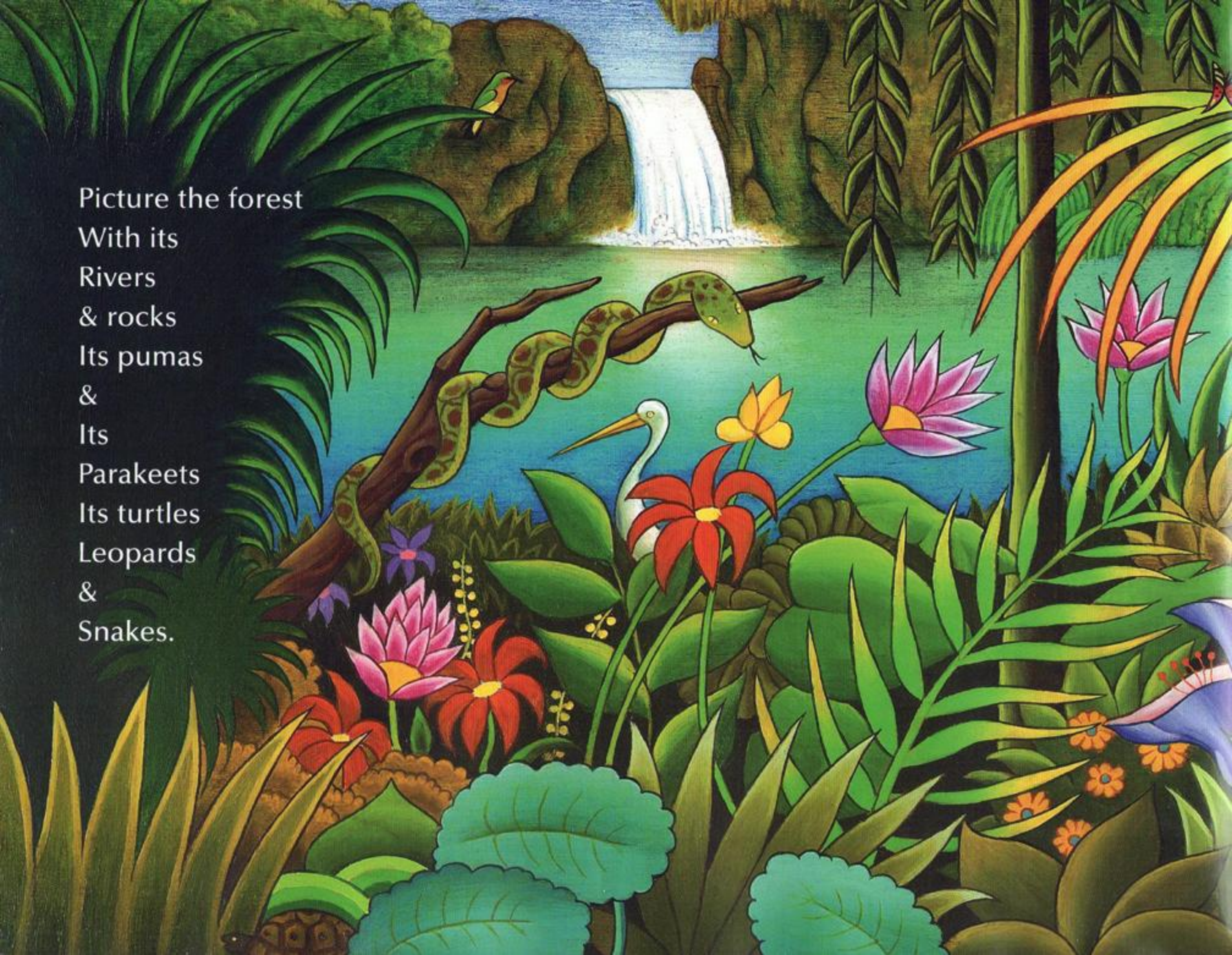


A surreal illustration of a headless woman standing in a desolate, war-torn landscape. The woman has a pale, elongated body with visible ribcage and is entwined with thin, vine-like tendrils. She stands on a small, rectangular stone pedestal. To her left is a large, gnarled tree with a thick trunk and a dark, jagged canopy. The ground is reddish-brown and littered with debris, including a broken stone slab in the foreground and a small, round object. In the background, there are more ruins, including a stone wall with arches and a small, spiky plant. The sky is a mix of pink and purple, with several dark, bullet-like shapes falling from it. The overall mood is one of tragedy and the enduring nature of war.

Though War is Old  
It has not  
Become wise  
It will not hesitate  
To destroy  
Things that  
Do not  
Belong to it  
Things very  
Much older  
Than itself.



Picture the forest  
With its  
Rivers  
& rocks  
Its pumas  
&  
Its  
Parakeets  
Its turtles  
Leopards  
&  
Snakes.









High above them War  
Has turned itself  
Into a white cloud  
Trailing  
An  
Airplane  
That  
Dusts  
Everything  
Below  
With  
A powder  
That  
Kills.



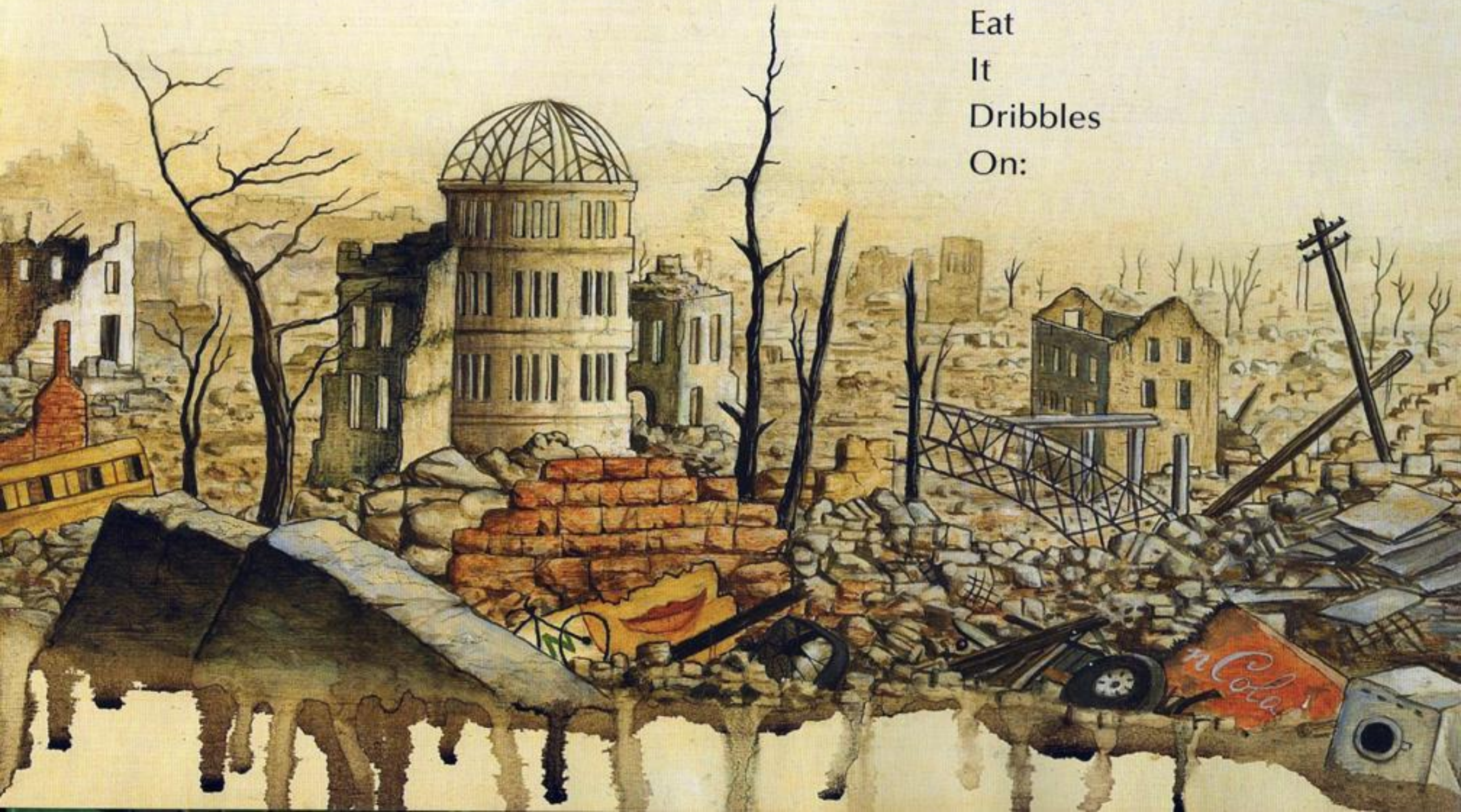






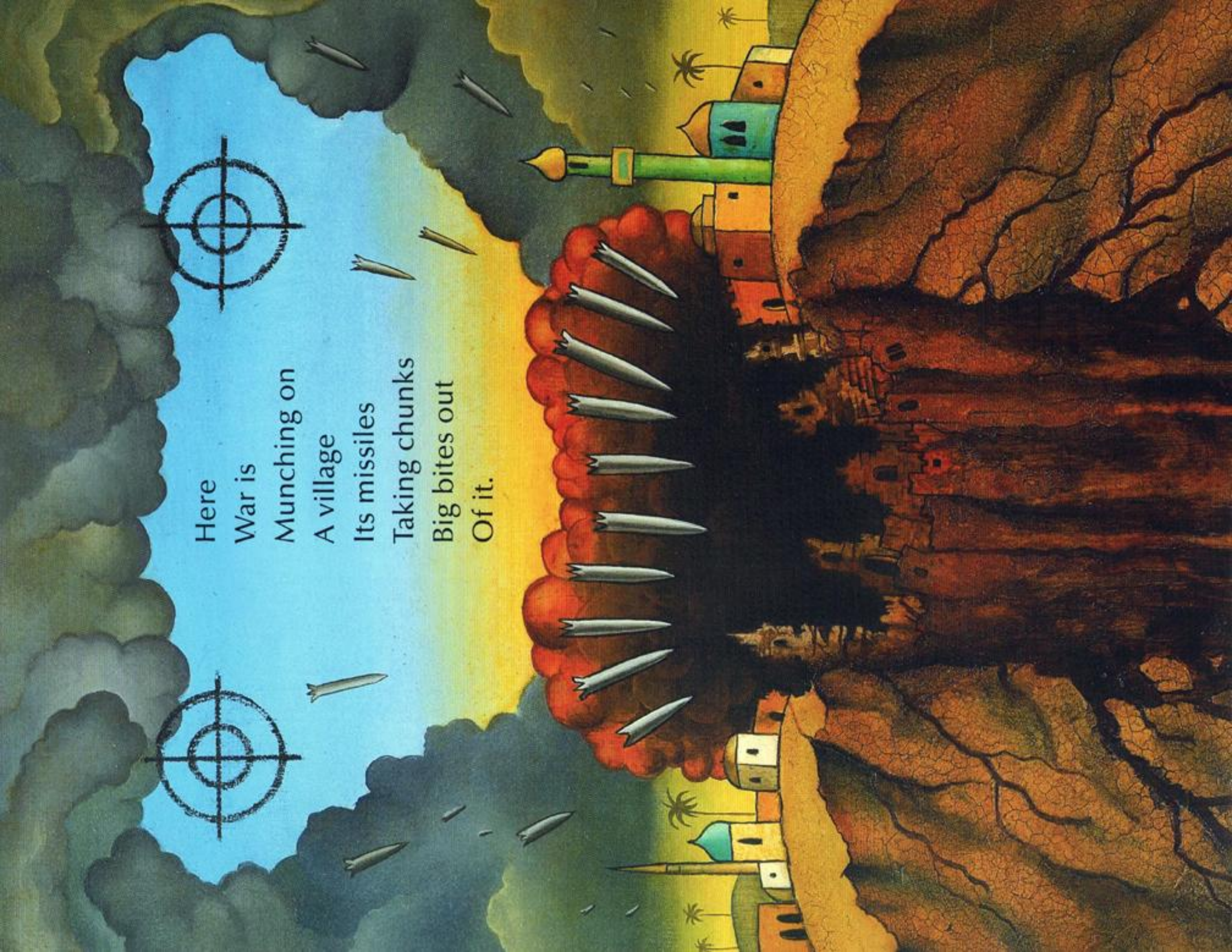


War has bad manners  
War eats everything  
In its path  
& what  
It doesn't  
Eat  
It  
Dribbles  
On:





Here  
War is  
Munching on  
A village  
Its missiles  
Taking chunks  
Big bites out  
Of it.







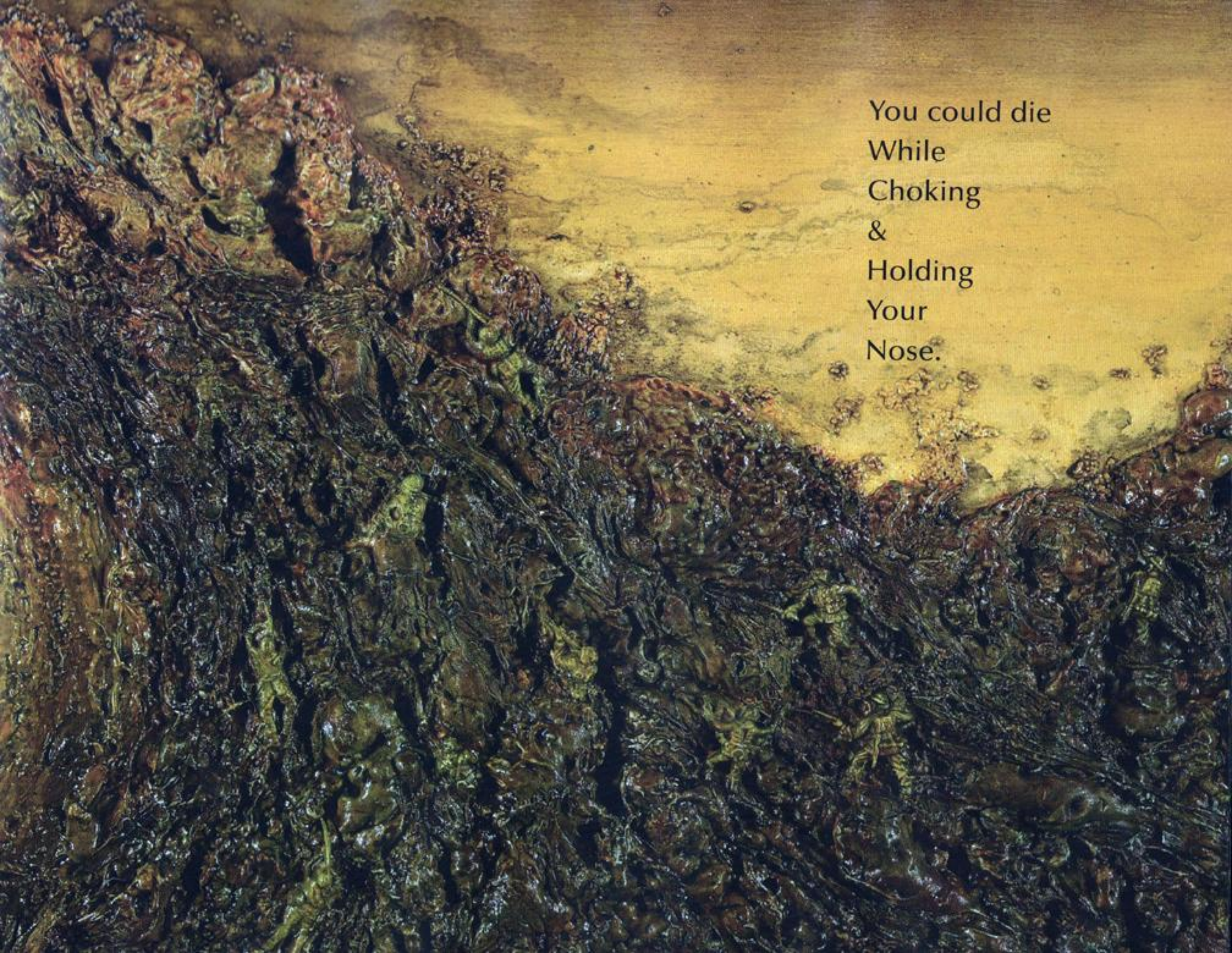
War's  
Leftover  
Gunk  
Seeps  
Like  
Saliva  
Into  
The  
Ground.  
It  
Is finding  
Its  
Way  
Into the  
Village  
Well.



War tastes terrible  
& smells  
Bad. It never  
Considers  
Body  
Odor  
Or  
Weird  
Side  
Effects.  
When added  
To water  
It makes  
You sick  
Sip by sip.

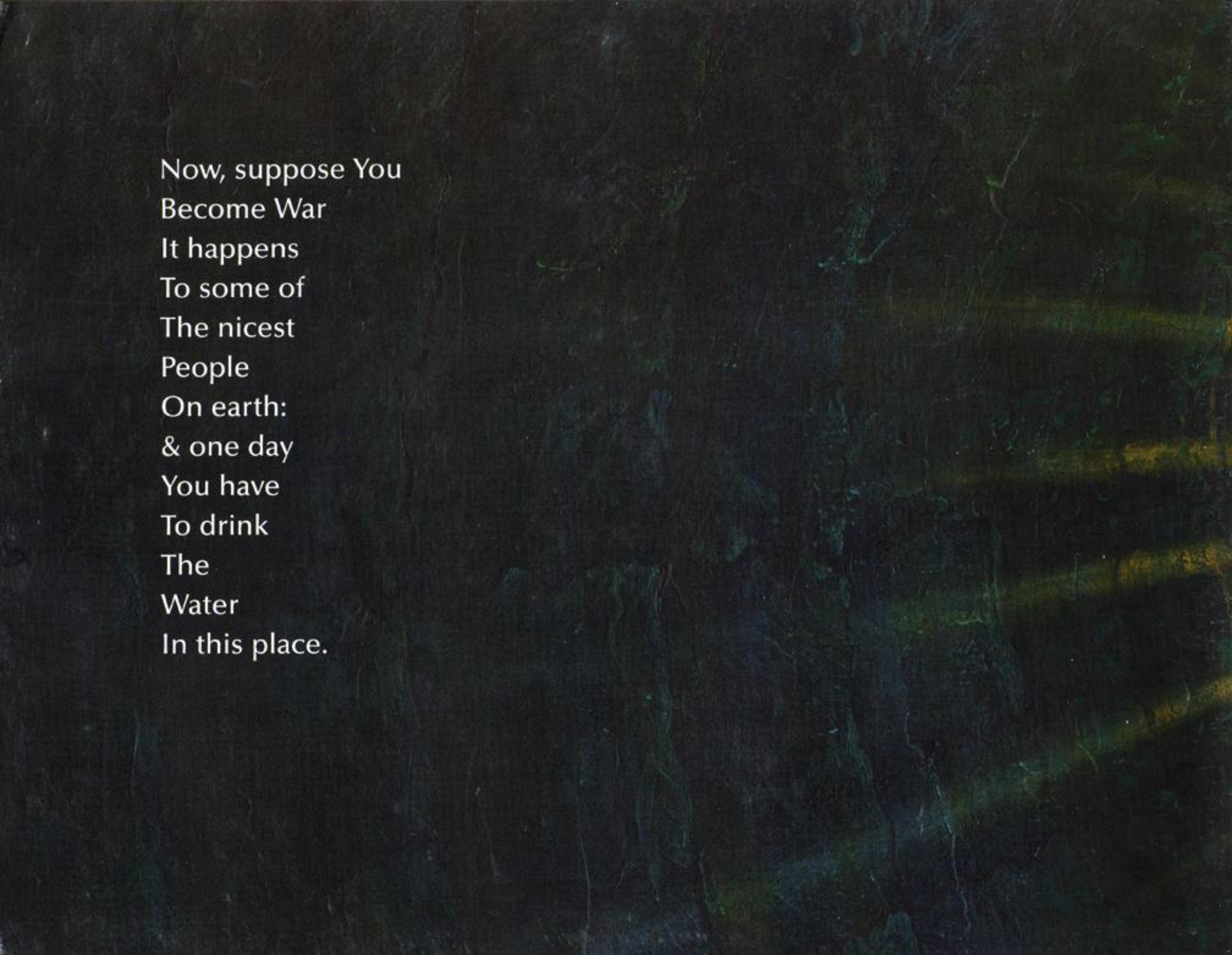






You could die  
While  
Choking  
&  
Holding  
Your  
Nose.





Now, suppose You  
Become War  
It happens  
To some of  
The nicest  
People  
On earth:  
& one day  
You have  
To drink  
The  
Water  
In this place.







